

Trews, The

"Dark Highway"

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laid out sunday morning
trapped inside your bed
the blues came without warning
i crept inside your head
dope sick, hot head lady
listless and confused
baby you aint pretty
you sure aint front page news
get off the dark highway
that roads a losers game
if you feel my pain
you dont need it
get off the dark highway
tel me whats your story
traveling gypsy queen
are you seeking allegory?
by trying the obscene
hazy observations
staring at the wall
crazy conversations
that mean nothing at all
get off the dark highway
that roads a losers game
if you feel my pain
you dont need it
get off the dark highway
how long till i get over
how long till i get back
i know your mind aint sober
ive got you pegged
get off the dark highway
that roads a losers game
if you feel my pain
you dont need it
get off the dark highway

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